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MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register

ADDRESS

On the Installation of Cumberland (Md.) Lodge No. 61.

BY DR. H. G. GREIVES.

The circumstance under which you are assembled this evening, my Friends and Brethren, contemplate more than the mere forms and ceremonies, you have just witnessed would go to indicate.

Time, in its unerring and rapid career, hath hailed another natal Anniversary of one of the most virtuous and distinguished patrons of Masonry the world has ever seen. It is that individual whose birth-day we have assembled to commemorate, that individual in whose deportment were so happily and strikingly blended all of the essentials calculated to make a man good and great.

From time immemorial, it has been customary with our Order to pay observance to the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, with more than an ordinary degree of reverence and respect, consecrated as it is to the genius of Masonry throughout the Christian world, we must under our own Vine and Fig tree, as it were, to do it honour, and we delight in the performance of the duty.

It will not on this solemn and interesting occasion, be expected from us, to give the biography of this illustrious Saint and patron of our order, as the necessary contracted limits of our remarks will not admit of it, for even to take a very brief view of that single subject would occupy a portion of time, far beyond what is usually permitted to be spent in an address like the present. When, therefore we advert to the doctrines and principles of the Masonic Institution as they have existed for a period of upwards of three thousand years, we shall be fully illustrating the motives of action, which characterised the life of this revern'd Saint, while passing through his earthly pilgrimage.

That the Masonic Fraternity has existed for upwards of three thousand years, we have abundant satisfactory testimony, accessible to every unprejudiced and enquiring mind, and sufficient to convince the most disingenous of its antiquity; that its grand object at its first institution was to inculcate not only principles of morality and brotherly love, but the doctrine of the worship of the one true and living God, the practice of the most exalted virtue, the encouragement and discrimination among mankind of a knowledge of the arts and sciences. In short my friends, the great art and design of masonry is to make men virtuous and happy, by the inculcation of moral precepts, enforced by the most interesting considerations that can be presented to the human mind.

The medium of instruction used by our ancient brethren, and still preserved pure and unimpared, was by *visible symbols*, in which precepts of morality were curiously enfolded, and veiled from common observation.

To fill the mind with *images*, which may present themselves in every transaction of life, which, if evil may call loudly on the conscience to shun the danger, and if *good* encourage the individual in the pursuit of his object, is surely a medium not to be despised, particularly when reccommended by a high and unequivocal sanction. The uninitiated may urge the absurdity of Squares, Compasses, Mallets, Chissels, Rules and Lines, as being mere instruments of labor, they do not present to the mind immediately any visible tendency to the cultivation of moral virtues. But were the useful lessons they contain openly displayed and fully comprehended, masonry would no longer be an object of ridicule or aspersion, but would occupy the first rank among the human sciences, which confessedly promote the benefit of mankind. From the ground work of a mason's lodge, to its splendid and celestial covering, it contains no point, part or secret, which does not convey a fund of valuable information, and we now proclaim in presence of the world, that every masonic ceremony is capable of its own moral explication, and that a mason in his full clothing, is a striking emblem of integrity, a perfect model of wisdom, strength and beauty. The Bible, Square and Compass, point out the sacred source of his Faith; the rectitude of his practice, the rule of his conduct in society; for while that sacred volume, which is always open in the Lodge, is established as the criterion and standard of his Faith and Hope, the latter have the same reference to his life and action. From these *visible symbols*, masonry teaches in its beautiful and expressive phrasoelogy, to regulate our conduct by the principles of morality and virtue, to *square* our actions with all mankind, and to limit our desires in every station of life. We have also other emblematical Jewels to denote the mind of man in its progress from infancy to old age, from ignorance to knowledge. In the dawn of life, unculcated nature feels its own inferiority, and like a rough and shapeless stone taken from the quarry, requires the skillful hand of patient industry to mould it into form. Manhood succeeds, and the repining faculties, emulating perfection, press on with diligence and assiduity to the great object of rational attainment, and when old age comes on, the placid mind, reflecting on a well spent life, devoted to acts of morality and virtue, looks forward to another and a better state of existence.—When infinitely perfect, it will be filled with the fullness of his maker's image. This state of mind may be aptly compared to a well wrought and highly polished *cubical stone*, or as it is termed in masonic language the *smooth ashler*, accurately exact in all its lines and angles, which though minutely tried with the Square and Compass, will be pronounced by the Grand Master, good, perfect and complete.

These and other attributes peculiar to the Masonic Institution to which we shall here briefly advert. It is the exercise of the *Theological Virtues*, Faith, Hope and Charity, of which Charity with us possess the highest and most distinguished rank; the reason of which is evident if we distinctly consider their properties, and deduce from thence the incomparable excellence of a universal charity.

Charity in its greater latitude, the Mason practices both towards his maker and fellow being, as constituting a love for the former and an affection for the latter; and this naturally engenders a love for his *brother*, a love for our brother then, while of the household of the faithful, is one of our principal conditions of initiation; it is that Charity described so beautifully by the eloquent Apostle, which forms the basis, and enters into every vital principle of our order; we take pleasure in endeavoring to practice, and I am sure every free-mason is ready to unite with me in saying: "Though I speak with the tongue of men and Angels, and have not *charity*, I am become as a sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal, and although I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing, and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing; Charity suffereth long and and is kind; Charity envieth not, Charity vaunteth not itself, it is not puffed up, doeth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in truth, beareth all things, endureth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, charity never faileth, but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail, whether they be tongues, they shall cease, whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." How happens it then my friends, that our institution has created so much opposition, excited so much jealousy, encountered so much relentless proscription, and experience so much rankling persecution.

The mysteries which pertain to this fraternity, are not withheld from the good and virtuous portion of society, however humble their stations may be, we receive no one on account of his earthly wealth or grandeur, but invariably look to his internal, not his external qualifications before his reception. How happens it we again enquire, why this obloquy is thrown upon us, why it should have been required to pass the ordeal of persecution in every nation of Europe? why an unhallowed inquisition should have stained it with blood? why despotism should have sought its destruction? why in this boasted land of Liberty has felt the arm of unjust tyranical power, and why even here and in this enlightened age, has fanateicism dared to fulminate its anathemas! does the institution foster a spirit of anarchy? has your WASHINGTON, your Franklin, your LaFayette and others of your most illustrious sages and statesmen, who were devoted members of our order told you so? what does Washington say in answer to a complimentary address when President of the United States, from the Master, Warden and Brethren of King David's Lodge in Rhode Island, "being persuaded that a just application of the principles on which the masonic fraternity is founded, must be promotive of private virtue and public prosperity. I shall always be happy to ad-

vance the interest of the society and to be considered a deserving brother," and on another occasion in reply to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, he explicitly declares, "that the milder virtues of the heart are highly respected by a society whose liberal principles are founded on the immutable laws of truth and justice. To enlarge he continues the sphere of social happiness is worthy the benevolent design of a masonic institution, and it is most fervently to be wished that the conduct of every member of the farternity, as well as those publications that discover the principles that actuate them, may tend to convince mankind that the great object of Masonry is to promote the happiness of the human race." Besides this testimony in favour of Free Masonry, we could occupy your attention the balance of the evening by furnishing incontestible proofs of the attachment of the most distinguished men who have ever moved on the theatre of life, to our ancient and honourable institution. But my friends as wolves will sometimes intrude into the flock, so will bad men under the cloak of goodness, frequently insinuate themselves into the most excellent associations, and if our order has suffered through an unworthy initiate, it surely is not the fault of the Institution. There are men whom no command can rule or council teach, and who under the garb of morality are received into our ritual of friendship and brotherly love, only to produce discord, dissention and disgrace.

It is apparent then from these considerations that Masonry is not as some suppose an association of mere operative artists, but a society instituted for general and undefined benificence, teaching under various figures and cymbols, some of the most interesting and sublime truths of religion and morality, a mystery of ancient times inculcating the strictest watch over our passions, an unbounded benevolence to the whole brotherhood of the human family; an habitual practice of the most exalted virtue, and the necessity of a faithful and constant preparation for our transition "to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns."

Such then being the nature and character of Freemasonry to those of our own household, I would now address a few remarks in conclusion.

Your duties as masons have been so often and forcibly inculcated from this stand that it it would seem to be superrogatory to remind you of them here, you know you are required to give "all diligence to add to your faith virtue, to your virtue knowledge, to knowledge, temperance, and to temperance, patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness *Charity*. Such are the virtues and graces as practiced by every true and perfect mason, and if dilligently persevered in, you will receive the joyful approval of well done ye good and faithful servants; ye have been faithful over a few things I will make you rulers over many things.

But in addition to these duties which as men and as Masons you are bound to perform, and in the faithful discharge of which you can alone manifest to the world the moral and beneficial tenderness of our order.—Remember "that a city set on a hill cannot be hid" you now occupy that position, and must therefore expect that those by whom you are surrounded, will look upon your words, actions and conduct in order to form an estimate and judgement of the value of our society from what they see. Your good examples as well as good works will not only remove the prejudices of those who are now professedly inimical to the Institution, but lead them to the truth and thereby not only conciliate, but convert them into friends and brethren.

We fear not the scrutinizing eye; for Masonry the more it is examined, the more beautiful it becomes; and, purgation of a precious metal, it rises from each successive ordeal with renewed claims to our admiration, from its augumented brilliancy and worth—

A system which occupies a situation at least equal and elevated with any human Institution, so Republican in its elements, so liberal, in its examples, so pure in its precepts, so moral in its examples, if perfect in its practice, might defy the combined machinations of man, to fracture her majestic pillars, or extinguish her blazing luminaries.

A system which embraces all the graces and perfections in the power of man, uniting him in the strictest bond of amity to his fellow man, urging upon him "to ask that he may receive," to seek that he may find, to knock that the door may be opened unto him, comprehends too much that is great and good, to be overpowered by a spirit of fanaticism, or to be made subservient to the schemes and devices of the unprincipled demagogue.

This then my friends and brethren is the conclusion which masonry draws from all her illustrations that he who practices her virtues in Faith, will rejoice in Hope, be in perfect Charity with all mankind, and finally receive a Pass-word into the Grand Looge above, where Peace, Order and Harmony eternally preside.

SCIENTIFIC.

Iron and Steel.

The most precious of all metals, if we take *actual* value for the criterion of preciousness, is found in most countries. The most considerable *quantities* of iron, however, are found in the United States; and iron, of the finest and most esteemed *quality* is found in Sweden. When we give the least reflection to the almost innumerable uses, commercial and mechanical to which iron alone is adequate, it is impossible not to perceive how indispensably necessary this valuable metal is to our comfort and civilization. Without iron, the arts, even that of agriculture, must have dwindled on in perpetual infancy, and nine tenths of the comforts and conveniences which we now enjoy would have been totally unknown to us. To become sensible of the value of iron, our young readers have only to turn their attention to the various articles of furniture in the room in which they are sitting.—They will readily observe that in the minor elegancies and comforts of life, as well as in the coarser and ruder, but still more valuable implements of our artisans, iron is an all important ingredient.

Sweden produces, as has been said, the finest kind of iron, and it has also a very great abundance of it, as may be judged from the fact that within two iron mines of Sweden there are upwards of twenty six thousand persons constantly employed. The two principal mines of Sweden are those of Danamora and Tabern. The former is so extensive that it alone employs thirteen thousand men, and the latter is so seemingly inexhaustable that though it has been worked more than three centuries, with scarcely the pause of a single week, it still continues to yield as abundantly as ever, and with as little trouble to the miners. This mine is in fact, a mountain, the entire of which, except the outer crust or stratum, is composed of rich iron ore.

Norway, Russia and America have their iron mines also; especially the last named, which excels all the rest of the world in the abundance of its iron. Independant of the very important uses of cast and wrought iron, steel also, an exceedingly important article, is iron, prepared by a peculiar process.

Being Completely surrounded by charcoal, and subjected to an exceedingly powerful heat, iron is impregnated with considerable portion of carbon. It is then fused by a still more powerful heat, and cast in the shape of small bars.

One exceedingly valuable property of steel is, that it admits of being made harder or softer, according to the use for which it is designed. This is effected by heating it to various degrees of heat, and cooling it more or less suddenly, by plunging it more or less gradually, into cold water.

Upon the degree of skill with which steel is tempered, greatly depends the value and efficiency of the weapons or instruments which are made of it. It was on account of their great skill in this respect that the sword cutlers of Damascus and Toledo were anciently so famous for the excellence of their weapons. Damascus blades are not now in so much request as they formerly were, but Spanish weapons are still held in great esteem, and still produce considerable prices.

It is singular that this valuable art, of tempering steel has rarely been possessed in perfection by any but half civilized people. The Japanese of the present day, who are in almost every thing else so much behind us, possess this art in the very highest perfection. Their swords and other weapons, and their steel work in general, is exceedingly well tempered.

They are perfectly well aware of their superiority in this respect, and not only refuse to disclose their secrets, but even manifest some unwillingness to sell edged tools or weapons to foreigners, lest they should discover it. Indeed, it is said that no foreigner can buy, in Japan, an article of steel tempered so perfectly as those which are made among the natives themselves.

Iron, the most important of all the metals, is the most abundantly distributed of them all, and is by far the least attractive and elegant in appearance. In color it is of a greyish white, nearly approaching to blue, is exceedingly hard, and is only fusible in a most intense and continued heat.

In observing the extensive usefulness of iron and its destitution, in its native state, of the dazzling and beautiful brightness of some of the other metals, we cannot help observing that it may teach us that is not always the most beautiful and attractive things that are the most extensively or the most importantly useful. Iron is, if we may so speak, in its personal appearance, infinitely inferior to all the other metals, but it is scarcely going too far to affirm that the condition of mankind would become more tollerable did they possess *iron* without *any* of the other metals, than if they possessed all of them and were destitute of iron.

Let our young readers reflect that they also had better possess the solid qualities of sense, honesty and virtue, without any portion of the more dazzling accomplishments, than possess these latter in their greatest perfection of extent and brilliancy, at the expense of any one of the former.

The adventurous and accomplished traveller, Dr.

Clarke, describes an iron mine, which he visited in Sweden, as being one of the most impressively grand scenes he had ever witnessed; and we need scarcely tell our readers that there were few important parts of the world which he had not more or less familiarly made himself acquainted with. It is from the journal of that adventurous traveller, we find the following description.

"Over a vast chasm in the earth a sort of platform is erected, furnished with the machinery necessary for raising the ore. Huge buckets were perpetually ascending and descending, the chains to which they were suspended making a melancholy rattling, echoed and re-echoed by the sides of gulf. Looking down from the verge of this platform, the giddy spectator could see, at upwards of seventy fathom deep, a multitude of miners flitting about in a fitful and dim light, and looking, from the great distance, rather like the pigmies of ancient fable than full sized and athletic men. Mingled with the melancholy clanking of the bucket-chains, there arose from this abyss a motly confusion of sounds, of creaking wheels, groaning pumps, clash of hammers, and occasionally a tremendeous explosion of gunpowder in blasting the rocks.

In the midst of this distracting uproar, Dr. Clarke, attended by his interpreter and two of the miners, made his descent, by means of ladders lashed together, and extending without any resting place from the mouth of the pit down the whole of the seventy fathoms deep. As if to make the descent more perilous than it needed to be, the ladders were in many places rotten, and in some broken, and the staves were so covered with the mud and ice, that the hands of the traveller were completely benumbed; and he candidtells us he had not got far down ere he wished that he had been contented to remain on *terra firma*.—Happening to mention to one of his guides his surprise at the neglected condition of the ladders, the man warned him not to fix his thoughts upon the subject, and told him that a woman belonging to the mine had fallen from the ladder at the very moment when she was complaining of its insecurity. On hearing this comfortable intelligence, the interpreter, simply enough, inquired what became of her?" replied the miner, at the same time taking one of his hands from the ladder, and slapping it smartly on his thigh, "she became a perfect pancake!"

The Doctor was more fortunate or more careful than the poor woman had been, and after much toil and inconvenience arrived safely in the mine. Here the Doctor was astonished at finding "thick-ribbed ice," it being generally understood that the lower you descend into the earth the warmer do you find the temperature. But in this case the great extent of the opening allows the atmospheric air to pour down in such great volumes from above, that the temperature is nearly, if not exactly the same as upon the surface of the earth. Passing along several vaulted passages, the traveller was at length ushered into the principal chamber of the mine, where amid ice, steam, rushing waters, and a noise all but stunning to ears not accustomed to it, about fifty miners were busily employed in their various departments of labor. Women, haggard and begrimmed, with clotted hair and inflamed eyes, holding in their hands lighted torches of pine wood, 'grinned horribly' around them, and yelled out unintelligible words at the very top of their voices. Suddenly the din of of hammers ceased, the guides hurried the traveller and his interpreter from the spot, and they had just commenced their ascent towards upper earth when a tremendeous explosion seemed to shake all around, and its thunder died away in reverberations more and more faintly heard, until all was again silent.'

MISCELLANY.

Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane.

The fair object of this song was a bonnie lassie in Dumblane. Her family were of poor extraction, and Jessie herself was contented with a peasant's lot. When Tannahill become acquainted with her, she was in her "teens," a slight dimple-cheeked, happy lassie, her hair yellow-colored and luxuriant; her eyes large and full, ever flowing with the voluptuous languor which is so becoming in young blue eyes with golden lashes. Tannahill was struck with her beauty and, as in all things was enthusiastical, became forthwith her ardent worshipper. But her heart was not to be won. Young, thoughtless, and penting to see the world, she left her poor amourante "to con songs to his mistress' eyebrows," while she recklessly rambled among the flowery meads of Dumblane, or of an evening sang his inspired verses to him with the most mortifying *nonchalance*. This was a twofold misery to the sensitive poet. A creature so dear to him, so very lovely and innocent, and yet withal, so encased in insensibility, as apparently neither to be consious of the beauty of the verses trembling on her dulcet tongue, not caring for the caresses of her lover. 'Twas too much: to mark all this, and feel it with the feeling of a poet, was the acme of misery. But the "Flower of Dumblane," was not that unfeeling, unimaginative being which Tannahill pictured her. She was a creature all feeling, all imagination, although the bard had not that in his person or manners to engage her attention, or to arrest her fancy. The young affections are not to be controlled. Love—almighty love—must be free else it ceases to be love.

Tannahill was plain in his person and uncouth in his manners, and felt and expressed discontent at the cruel disappointment, which it had been his unhappy fate almost invariably to encounter. Jessie, on the contrary looked upon the world as a brilliant spectacle yet to be seen and enjoyed—as a vast paradise full of the beauty of heaven and of earth, where men walked forth in the image of their Creator, invested with his attributes, and woman trode proudly amidst the lovely creation an angel venerated and adored.

To express dissatisfaction under all these circummances, was to her mind, the extravagance of a misanthrope, the mildness of a real love of misery, and a sufficient cause for her not to respect him.—Both viewed the world through a false medium, and their minds, accelerated their fate. Jessie could not comprehend what appeared to her the folly of her suitor. She relished not his sickly sentiment, and, as all womankind ever did, and do, she scorned a colling lover. The bard was driven to despair, and summoning up unwonted energy of mind, departed, and left his adored to her youthful aberrations.

Soon after this period the song of Jessie the Flower of Dumblane, together with the music, was published; it became a public favorite; it was sung everywhere, in theatres and at parties; a would of praise was showered upon it from woma'ns flattering lips, and men became mad to know the adored object of the lay. In a short period it was discovered. Jessie Monteith, the pretty peasant of Dumblane, was the favored one. From all quarters young men and bachelors flocked to see her, her own sex were curious and critical. Many promising youths paid their addresses to her, and experienced the same reception as her first lover. Nevertheless, at last poor Jessie became really enamored. A rakish spark from Midlothians, adorned with education, being of polished manners, and confident from wealth and superiority of rank, gained her young affections—She too credulously trusted to his unhallowed professions. The ardor of first love overcame her love-passion, she made an imprudent escape from the protection of her parents, and soon found herself in elegant apartment near the city of Edinburg. The song of the neglected Tannahill was to his Jessie both a glory and a curse; while it brought her into notice, and enchanted her beauty, it laid the foundation of her final destruction. Popularity is ever a dangerous elevation, whether the object of it be a peasant or a prince; temptations crowd around it, and snares are laid on every hand. Who would be eminent, said a distinguished child of popularity, 'if they knew the peril, the madness, and distraction of mind to which the creature of the popular breath is exposed?'

When the poet heard the fate of his beloved Jessie, his heart almost burst with mental agony, and working himself into the enthusiastic frenzy of inspiration, poured forth a torrent of song more glowing and energetic than ever before dropped in burning accents from his tongue. It is to be lamented, that, in a fit of disgust he afterwards destroyed those poetic records of his passion and resentment. Ere three years had revolved their circuit after Jessie had left her father's home, she was a changed woman.—Her paramour had deserted her. She was destitute in her splendid habitation. Her blue eyes looked pitiful on all things around her; the oval cheeks were indented by the hand of misery, and the face and person presented the picture of an unhappy but amiable being. How changed was the figure clothed in silk, which moved on the banks of the Forth from the happy, lively girl in Dumblane, dressed in the rustic garb of a peasant!

"Out of the Decanter."

A wealthy gentleman, who lived leisurely and drank profusely, was assisted out of his carriage one morning in front of the office of a celebrated physician, and enquired of the servant in attendance if the doctor was at home; being answered in the affirmative, the wealthy gentleman hobbled in, supported on one side by a crutch, and on the other by his coachman, and took a seat. Directly the doctor made his appearance, and enquired the symptoms of the patient. The gentleman related his feelings as well as he could—and stated that he could not sleep—could not walk—was continually oppressed with pains in the head—swellings of his eyes and legs, and finally everything that "flesh is heir to" he was afflicted with. "What have you done for yourself?" enquired the physician. "Nothing but the coarsest food, and very sparingly of that; in fact my wife says I do not eat enough to keep a rat alive," replied the gentleman. "But," said the physician, "you drink enough to kill an ox, which is a great deal worse." "Oh, oh—you are mistaken, sir, there. I do not drink more than I have for the

POPULAR TALES

THE REVENGE.

FROM THE "WANDERING OF A PAINTER IN ITALY."

BY E. V. RIPPINGILL.

Continued from page 38.

As is the case in all Italian houses, a picture of the Madonna was placed high upon the walls, and before it a lamp was burning, but so small and faint was the light emited, that a person might have been in the room without ever perceiving it. Seen above the ruddy glare of the lamp upon the table, surrounded by its gloom and smoky atmosphere, it looked like a pale sickly star, sinking deep into obscurity and distance.

The young man having come no farther than the foot of the stairs, the surgeon stood alone in this dark and dreary apartment, expecting some one to welcome him; but, as nobody came he commenced knocking upon the table with the end of his stick, and calling. No one answered; but presently he heard some one moving near the end of the table and opposite the picture of Madonna. On looking, he saw a very old man rising from his knees, and attempting, with some difficulty and evident pain, to regain his feet. The surgeon stepped towards him, offering his assistance. The old man slowly shook his head, placed himself in a chair and pointed to another.

'*Grazia!*' said the surgeon, still keeping his legs, and evidently affected by the distressed look and manner of the aged man before him. 'How is Meo, *padre?*'

With a deep sob, and with a husky voice broken with emotion, the old man said, 'His time is come, *chirurgo.*'

'*Ma che!*' exclaimed the surgeon. 'Meo is a strong man, and still young. Hope for the best.—Perhaps there is no danger.'

'Surgeon,' said the old man, in a solemn tone, 'there is both danger and death, it is too late. Thy skill availeth nothing. Human aid is vain and for the aid of Heaven, who dare presume to ask it? I, who am his father, I, who am guilty of an existence, even I dare not ask more of Heaven than its grace to smooth his passage, and to lessen the dreadful chasm that lies between the gloom of his cold grave and final rest.—To ask for life I dare not—would not! O let him die *Geshu Maria* be his guide!

A burst of true parental sorrow echoed the old man's utterance; and the surgeon took advantage of it to put in a word of encouragement and hope.

'No, no' cried the old man; 'it is fixed. His doom is sealed. A father's feelings tell me that I am childless. My lost ill-doing boy! Covered with shame, and blackened with crime, yet still mine unhappy Meo!

During the time the surgeon had remained listening to the grief of the old man, he had frequently caught the sounds of many voices wailing and lamenting in a distant appartment; but the door of this room appeared now to thrown open, and he heard distinctly what had before reached his ear but in a confused and smothered manner. The surgeon hastened along an obscure passage, guided by the light which issued from an open door at the end of it. And here a scene presented itself which no words can describe—a scene touching and terrible in the extreme.

This room was large lofty, and uncomfortable-looking place, having much the appearance of a granary. There were many persons in it,—men, women, and children, perhaps twenty; a strange confusion of voices, and a great glare of light. Many garments of wearing apparel were hanging about the walls; large bunches of dried Indian corn, and mats of figs, curiously put together; and in a corner were some implements of husbandry, in fellowship with some muskets and fowling-pieces, small wine-casks and flasks.

In another corner were two decent-looking beds, in one of which a child slept soundly, and on the side of the other a man sat, his hat decorated with ribbons, brigand fashion, pulled down low over his eyes, his jacket gallooned, a long knife in his girdle. His arms were folded, and he appeared totally absorbed in grief, or in his own thoughts. On a table, in about the centre of the wall, stood six slender wax candles burning before a crucifix which hung upon the wall; and at the distant end of the room two other candles were lighted. The moment the surgeon made his appearance, he was at once surrounded by several persons, old and young, exhibiting every degree of emotion. Some tore their hair, beat their breasts and heads; others rung their hands, weeping bitterly: some called on the Madonna and on the saints; whilst others, again, cursed, and stamped their feet with rage and terrible imprecations. All laid their hands upon the surgeon vociferating, and begging earnestly that he would aid and save the chief. So beset and surrounded was he that he could see nothing of his patient, nor was he certain even of his being in the same room with him; but presently they made way for him, and a sight presented itself at once appalling and extraordinary. In a low bed, at the distant end of the room, with its head touching the wall, and placed between the two candles, which were surrounded by a number of coloured prints, small images, a holy-water vessel, a rosary, and a crucifix, lay the body of an immensely large man, for whom the bed appeared much too narrow and too short. Whether swollen, or from whatever cause, the body rose so high that the head was scarcely seen; whilst, at the same time, the feet protruded from the end of the bed to the distance of half the leg upwards. But what struck the surgeon with astonishment was, that to these large and naked feet was attached a pair of old-fashioned time-eaten spurs, tied over the instep with a black string; and, looking farther, he saw in the grasp of the strong and bony hand a long, bare, and rusty sword, the point resting upon the pillow, and the handle of which was of antique shape, and had once been richly ornamented. At the head of the dying man an old rusty helmet had been placed. It had evidently been intended that he should wear it; but, his head being too large to enter, it had been put over it, and left lying between it and the wall. The surgeon stood looking on in amazement; but after a moment he said to a person standing at his side, '*Aibo*, what mummery is this?' at the same time looking upon the objects of his surprise with some contempt.

'Oh! don't you know, Signore Chirurgo, this is the armour of the blessed San Martino?' said the person spoken to. 'Whoever is rich enough to have it removed from the church where it is deposited, is sure to protect and save his soul from the attacks of demons in his last hour. *Dio buono!* we are all wicked; and many an unhappy soul has it saved from the fangs of the evil one. *Ahime!* few need its aid more than he who lies there now——'

The speaker was going on, but the surgeon interrupted the harangue, exclaiming, 'Let this—let these things be taken away at once, and let the room be cleared. If you expect me to do any good to the man, give me an opportunity of examining his condition.'

The wish of the surgeon was at once complied with; the things were removed, and the relations and friends of the unhappy man withdrew from the room. The surgeon began questioning the person left with him relative to the malady of the patient.

'Meo was taken ill a few hours after his return last night, was he not?' said the surgeon, 'and has continued to get worse till the present time.'

'*Gia!* it is as you have said,' was the reply.

'But he went out as usual?'

'Yes, he did; but for the last two months he has not been what he used to be. His head, I think——.

The surgeon looked hard at the speaker, and with a peculiar expression of face and voice, observed 'Yes—yes, I know—I know.'

He was just about to pass round by the feet to the other side of the bed; when the sick man turned his head, and rolled his blood shotten eyes upon the surgeon. After a minute's steady gaze, with an expression of great suffering, and with a look of anxiety that amounted almost to terror, the dying man said, in a voice deep, husky, and unnatural, 'Oh, surgeon, for the love of God, save me!' and here he made a feeble attempt to clasp his hands, as it to beseech the help he asked, but he failed and his arms fell by his sides. With a wild stare he followed the movements of the surgeon, who went round the bed, and, taking a chair, sat down at its head.

The surgeon had evidently found his patient in a much worse condition than he he had anticipated.—After taking his hand and holding it for a short time in his own, the surgeon took down the waxlight, and examined the head & face of the sick man, which presented a sight so terrible, that no attempt can be made to describe it. After asking a few questions, which were replied to with difficulty, and apparently without giving satisfaction, the surgeon rose, put back the candle into its place, and, with a look of embarrassment and dismay, commenced pacing backwards and forwards in the room. A number of questions were then put to the woman, who still attended, and who was a hired nurse, as to the first symptoms which had appeared, and what had occured since. These were all answered readily and fully; but the surgeon still appeared perplexed, and, with an earnest and enquiring look, again took his place by the bed side of the patient. He felt the skin, pressed the body, and as the unhappy man lay muttering some words, the surgeon put his ear down to his mouth to catch their meaning. The poor wretch complained of the tortures he endured, of the fire that was burning at his heart, in his stomach, his throat, and was now mounting to his head. An unquenchable thirst consumed him; he drank continually; but his state had now become so feeble, that the effort necessary even for this had become too much for him.

The surgeon had put every question he thought proper, and examined the case with the strictest scrutiny; but it was evident by his look and manner that he was perplexed, and knew not how to act. The nurse looked at him as if waiting for some directions, and at length she asked,—'What is to be done, *chirurgo?*'

Without replying to her question, the surgeon

asked, 'Has he confessed and communicated?'

'An hour before you came he received the sacrament and the *viaticum*. Is there no hope for him?'

'I fear not,' was the reply. 'He has sunk too low.' Then, pausing for a minute, the surgeon said, 'Something, perhaps, might be done. There are some inquiries I should like to make of him; but he cannot answer me. I must try it,' said he, speaking to himself,—'tis his only chance. Have you any wine there?—good wine, if you have—give it me.'

Pouring some into a small flask, the surgeon held the long and slender neck of it to the parched lips of the dying man, and gradually let the inspiring draught sink into the dry and exhausted springs of life. Like oil poured into an expiring lamp, the unhappy man revived, and after a few minutes groaned, as if new pains had attacked him, rolled his head, and attempted to turn himself.

The surgeon had taken his place at his side, and when he saw occasion he said, 'Meo Varrone, attend to me, and tell me honestly what you have been doing. You have again over eaten yourself, or drank too freely—tell me how it is. What have you done?'

The man shook his head, and said distinctly, 'Nothing, surgeon, nothing.'

'Tell me the truth,' said the surgeon, 'for your own sake, don't deceive me. You must have done as I say.'

'*Per Cristo!*' replied the man, still more excited, 'I have not. It is not drink—it is the fire, *chirurgo*, the fire!'

'What fire?' asked the surgeon.

Placing his hand upon his chest, and passing it along his throat to his head, the chief said, 'The fire! here, here, here! God! how it blazes, rages, and burns! Can't it be put out? *Dio buono!*—it was that pale devil sent it into my heart long since, and there it has been burning and consuming all around it. Blood won't quench it—it has been tried—no, no! Blood!' he muttered to himself,—I've spilt enough—but *they* have died—*these* will not—Devils! drive off those infernal bats, and move me farther from the mouth of this cursed pit. Oh!' he cried out, his face expressive of the strongest terror, and seizing the surgeon by the shoulders, 'save me! save me!—I am slipping into it!—move me farther!—Hark! what are those sounds underground? They are coming up—their looks kill me!—*Gesu Maria!* I dare not—' And here he covered his eyes with his hands, trembling and panting for breath.

The man lay quiet for a moment; and as the surgeon sat with his eyes fixed upon him, he remarked to himself, 'Poor wretch! he raves of what his conscience sees and his mind knows.' Then making another attempt to recall the wandering and terrified mind of his patient, the surgeon gently shook him, and called him by name:

'Meo,' said he, 'attend to me:—I can render you no assistance. You must die, unless you will answer my question truly, and without disguise.'

'Surgeon,' said the now exhausted man, in a faint despairing voice, 'I have done so.'

'Yes,' continued the surgeon, 'you have partly told me; but try and recollect yourself; for it is quite clear to me that you have taken something which is the cause of your illness. Where did you take your last meal yesterday?'

The man answered, 'Upon the mountains I ate that which I took with me.'

'And you drank?' said the surgeon.

'Some water about noon from the stream of the river, and nothing else.' After a moment's pause, the sick man added, 'Yes, I took some wine from the *boraaccio* of a man I fell in with on my return home, a *cacciatore*—a stranger.'

'A young man of short stature?' inquired the surgeon. 'And it was you who attacked him, and left him on the road?'

The sick brigand indicated that it was from that person he had taken the wine. While his lips moved, and he attempted slowly and languidly to make known his meaning, the surgeon regarded him with a look of extreme anxiety and alarm, and when he fully understood him, he started upon his feet, exclaiming,

'Then there is no hope for you, Meo: you are poisoned, and must die. *Dio buono!* it is now too late!'

As if struck with lightning, the wretched man threw himself back, raising his arm, and throwing open the bed-clothes, lifting his head, and regarding the surgeon with a look that almost made him quail under it. For a minute he remained fixed in the same position, as if suddenly converted into stone; but presently a convulsive trembling seized him, his arm fell, and his head sank upon his bosom. Gasping for breath, and and with a look of eagerness and extreme terror, the brigand demanded who the stranger was, and how the surgeon knew what he asserted. As if some new light had broken in upon the mind of the surgeon, he exclaimed with some gesticulation, 'I see how it now, *per Dio!* the whole affair is clear.' Then speaking to the patient, he said, 'It is the man, who, dressed as a shepard, led the force against you and the band at THE CASALE—it is he who dogged your steps for the last two months—it is the brother of Rosa and Nina.'

Those names had scarcely been pronounced when a wild yell burst from the lips of the dying man, and a responsive cry was immediately heard from the distant appartment to which his relatives and friends had retired, and who had caught the sound from the chamber of death. As if animated with a deamon, gasping and foaming with unearthly fury, the dying maddened, and unhappy wretch sprung from his bed, tore away the clothes, and dashed headlong forwards towards the opposite wall, against which he must have beaten out his brains, but at that moment the man, who had until then been sitting on the side of a bed, rose and caught the chief in his arms. The weight of of his huge body moving quickly, at once overpowered the strength of the man who attempted to detain him, and both were about to fall to the ground; but a simultanous rush along the passage brought the relations and friends into the room to assist, and witness a scene which struck all with horror and dismay.—Cries of surprise and alarm burst from the men, shrieks from the women, the echo of which rang through the desolate house, and died away in the bleak and barren seace around it. There was a momentary struggle; but suddenly the unwieldly carcass fell to the floor upon its face, and when lifted, a few drops of blood had stained the place where it lay. But life had fled, and the terrible brigand chief, Meo Varrone, was no more.

John Jacob Astor says he thinks a man who is worth $500.000 is just as well off as if he was rich.--Baron J. D. Rothschild don't think so. When it was mentioned to him that Aguado, his fellow financier, died worth six millions of dollars, he said—"Poor man, I thought that he was in better circumstances."

VARIETY.

Anecdote of Dr. Goldsmith.

Dr Goldsmith used to frequent a tavern in London where a weekly club was held by the litterati of the day. One evening, on being there, he had a guinea and a shilling in his pocket, and, being rather an absent character, he gave the coachman the guinea instead of the shilling. The doctor repaired to the club room, the coachman drove away. Being called upon for a subscription, the doctor threw the shilling upon the table, which he had imagined was a guinea; he soon perceived his mistake, and related the circumstance to the club. The company laughed, and the doctor, in a violent rage, rushed out of the room to seek the coachman, but in vain. In the following week, when the club was full and the doctor enjoying his bottle, the waiter brought word that a hackney coachman wanted to speak with him. After receiving some sarcastic advice from his friends, to be cautious of his commerce with coachmen, he went down stairs, and was astonished to find it was the same individual who had drove him the preceding week. I have brought your guinea back, (said the coachman,) I know your honor made a mistake: now some scoundrels would have poketed the money, and have said nothing at all about the matter, but that's not my way your honor, I thank God if so be I'm poor I'm honest—it wears well, as a body may say. My dear friend, exclaimed the doctor, I admire your principle, you will please wait here a few minutes. Upon which the doctor marched up stairs, and told the story with all those rapturous blandishments which a poetic mind, on such an occasion, will beget in a good heart. He finally urged them to a subscription, as a proper reward for singular honesty in the lower ranks of life. It was generously complied with, to the amount of fifty shillings. The good but credulous man ran off with the collection to the descendant of Phæton, poured it into his hat, and, after affectionately embracing and blessing him, was returning up stairs to his convivial friends, with that enviable and sublime satisfaction which every man feels after the performance of a good deed—he entered the room with triumph, his friends welcomed him with laughter—alas, it was at the doctor's expense! The guinea which the rascal had pretended to return was a *counterfeit!!!*

A Suffering Love.

"Oh, mother," said a young boy, "Mr. S—— does love Aunt Lucy. He sits by her, he whispers to her and he *hugs* her."

"Why, Edward," exclaimed his mother—'your aunt dont suffer that—does she?"

"*Suffer it!*" replied the child—"yes, mother, she likes it?"

REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.—Colonel Beekman, of Long Island, has left the Editor of the N. Y. Herald the identical papers and documents which were found in the boot of Major Andre at the time of his capture. Very doubtful.

last twenty years. That is not my disease, certainly. But where in the world or how I got these *beautiful legs* I cannot divine." "I will tell you," said the doctor; "for I deal plainly with all men. You got them out of a *brandy bottle*. Now, take my advice. Go home: eat more and drink less, and you will soon be well." "Doctor," said the wealthy man, "I thought you were a skilful physician; but I am satisfied of my mistake now. We live in an age of humbug. You have fallen into channel, and by aping (I cannot consider it real) the practices of its most eccentric proselytes, you have gained an enviable name; but, sir, it will avail nothing with me—I am not to duped.—What is your charge for this *advice?*" 'Five dollars. "There's your money—good morning." And the wealthy gentleman crawled back into his carriage, and was whirled out of sight in a moment. The sequel:—The physician has since retired upon an ample fortune and is now living, in a green old age, in the bosom of his family, surrounded with every comfort, and enjoying that quiet repose which makes age a blessing.—The wealthy gentleman has tumbled from his high estate, and is now a poor, degraded, houseless drunkard despised and pittied—alike a burden and disgrace to his friends. Then will soon open to receive him, and his name will become a blank in the memory of man.

This is a history of but 12 short years. Let those who read it remember that a host of diseases are drawn "out of the decanter."—*N. Y. Sun.*

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

Albany, Saturday, October 15 1842.

☞ Subscribers often write to us, that they are unable to send current money in payment for their subscriptions. To remove this objection we give notice, that notes on the solvent banks of the neighborhood, will at all times be received at PAR if sent through the post master, who is so authorised by law.

☞ NOTICE.—Mr. James Johnson, is on a general collecting tour, through the western part of this State, and will call on many of our Subscribers, who will oblige us by handing their indebtedness to him.

REMOVAL.—The office of the American Masonic Register, has been removed to No. 2 Green, two doors south of State Street.

P. O. BATAVIA, }
OCT. 5, 1842. }

Dr Sir.—The Register addressed to S. Crane, remains in this office, and has for some time; and Mr. B. P——, wishes me to say to you, that he thinks Mr. C. don't intend to take them out, OR PAY FOR WHAT HE HAS GOT.

Yours, L. B. COTES, P. M.

If Mr. Crane has not the bump of cool impudence strikingly developed, there is no truth in phrenology. If our friend Follett, will give him one round he is fully authorised to collect the four dollars, which he can apply to the erection of a tomb stone, to the memory of Stevens, with a suitable printer's epitaph on it.

In giving the above, which we are *ashamed* to be compelled to do, we owe a word of apology and explanation to the general reader, who may suppose that we are rather sinking a respectable print, in a scurrillous notice. "Self preservation, is the first law of nature," and we observe it is becoming common among our brethren, to notice in some way, the moral delinquency of those, whom in the spirit of confidence, they are trusting their property to, but who taking advantage of the legal inability, of an editor to collect his due, often contract a debt which they *never intend to pay*. Such men are pests to all classes of society; and if the principle is a sound one, that a merchant or mechanic, does not live up to the golden rule, who will allow a customer to swindle him out of his property and with a knowledge of his character, suffer him to do the same with his neighbor, then the press should adopt it as a general rule to caution *their* craft against those who if we are to take conduct as a criterion for judgement, are endeavouring to prowl upon the community. We believe that man may be safely likened to the coin of the country, to be taken for *just what he is worth*, and no more. If his currency among his fellow beings, is gold, we want no better, if he is below the standard, we receive him with depreciation, and if he is all bogus, the laws shut him up.—If the country is flooded with the latter, the press would be considered very remiss in its duty, did it not caution the honest and industrious, to be on their guard. Then where is the difference between a bogus Man and a bogus Eagle, in the pernicious drawbacks on human credulity? These are our views of walking gentlemen, whether they wale off with a two or three years' newspaper subscription,—or with a fine fat sheep of some worthy farmer. If the press would hold up to scorn, every such act of *moral* delinquincy (we want no other) the evil would soon cease.

☞ Is the editor of the N. Y. Sun aware, that he is bearing down a little too hard on Webb. We should suppose that the punishment of being compelled to walk upon crutches for months, in continual bodily pain, would satisfy the feeling of most any generous foe. We have no particular feeling for Col. Webb; but would take the part of the d——l, if we thought him persecuted. Should we all receive our deserts, who among us would go unwhipped?

Our fair Cousins and Damsels in blooming beauty, stand all around us with *quods* in hand ready to throw [for the editor of the Tribune.]—*Manchester Democrat.*

Well, it is now to be settled, printer's fashion, by an old fashioned *Jef*. We propose the usual number, 9 pica ems, the greatest number of *nicks, up*, to win.—Commence. A *fair shake*, and honor bright. Look-out for a *molly*.

BURGLARIES.—Are the the authorities of this city, aware that from one to three burglaries are committed *every night* without detecting the offenders?—We should really like to know, what our present watch are good for, besides receiving their salary. It is certain thet great inefficiency exists, somewhere, when out of more than one hundred outrages of this kind witnin a few months we have not learned of one single arrest. These things did not happen in the days of Meigs, Sickles, and Pemberton.

GRAMMER.—A young lady at an examination in grammer, was asked why the noun *batchelor* was singular? She replied with much *naivete:* "Because it is very *singular* that they don't get married.

TYPE-STICKERS, HERE'S A CHANCE.—The Editor of the Maryland Enterprize says, that he knew a young man, John Facey, who could set 2000 ems, agate and nonpariel, *solid* matter, in one hour.—Whereupon the proprietors of the New York Aurora offer to bet fifty dollars 'that there is no man in the United States who can set two thousand ems, of ordinary solid matter, nonpariel or agate, in an hour.

We never 'put up a case' along side of a compositor yet, that we did not beat him in 'setting and distributing,' but, if John Facey is the boy the Enterprise makes him out to be, it would be a tight scratching to head him. We think the task can be done, in small type with a long stick.

[We think it *cannot* be done, by any set of fingers, even if made on the most approved plan; and we will go snucks with the New York Aurora, in those X's. That our rerders may have a partial induction in this mystery, we remark, that where there is one man who can stick up type, beyond 1300 ems an hour, there are twenty who will go below it.—*Register.*

LIBEL.—Dr. Mott, of New York, has commenced a suit against Bennett of the Herald, for a libel, and laid his damages at $25,000 The question, to be urged by Bennett's counsel, in defence, will be, whether any thing coming from his pen can do any injury?

The Norwich Courier announces the death of Gen. Isham, a distinguished citizen of Connecticut, at his residence in New London. Gen. Isham has been for a long time in feeble health, but the immediate cause of his death we understand to have been lockjaw, brought on by the use of an apparatus for straightening one of his limbs, which had become deformed and contracted by rheumatism.

Abraham Vogle, who resides near Dansville, Livingston county, came to his death in the following singular manner, on Saturday last. Without having complained of indisposition, or giving evidence of any thing unusual, he left his labor, entered the house, walked deliberately to the stove, grasped it with such force as to pull it over him, and he was taken up lifeless corpse. He was a man of steady habits—76 years of age.

A Singular Case.

The last Boston Medical and Surgical Journal contains a wonderful account of examination of the heart of a living person, through the cavity of the chest, by William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. The subject was a young man of nineteen years of age, who, when a child suffered from a fracture of the ribs, which ulcerated and finally, healed up, leaving the aperture open. Over the hole a small plate was worn to preserve the parts from injury. The heart and ventricles were handled by Harvey, and without pain to the subject, whence he concluded that the heart is deprived of the sense of feeling.

Riots in Canada.

The acceptanse by Mr. Baldwin of the Attorney-Generalship for Canada West, has of course vacated his seat for the county of Hastings. But as the acceptance operates only to vacate, not to exclude, Mr. Baldwin is again a candidate for the same constituency. His opponent is Mr. Murney, and the date of our latest advices was as follows:—Murney, 130—Baldwin 124.

The Montreal Transcript, however, has a letter one day later—written on the 5th, from which it gives the subjoined extract:

'We have had a most tremendous riot to-day, and the returning officer was obliged to close the poll.—Mr. Murney, the Conservative candidate, is 20 ahead and there is not the shadow of doubt that he will be elected by a handsome majority. This village is in a most horrible state; it is not safe for any man to go through the streets alone. I have seen several persons knocked down because they would not hurrah for Mr. Baldwin; his party are the authors of al the mischief. I am also informed by the most respectable people of the county, that great blame is attached to Mr. Sheriff Moodie, the returning officer, who has throughout shown a great partiality for Mr. Baldwin.

'P. S.—The riot act has been read.'

CLIPPINGS.

The Philadelphia Sentinel tells the following shocking story—" A gentleman informed us at a late hour last evening, that a woman who, having had nothing to eat for several days past, being in a state of starvation, in a despairing moment threw herself with her three children into the Delaware, from a wharf in the upper part of Kensington, about sundown, the eldest being but four years of age. The mother and all three drowned.

From River Head to Oyster Pond Point, on Long Island, a settled country, of more than forty miles in exten', no person can find the means of drunkness, so entire has been the sweep of the temperance reform.

Duty on United States Wheat.—The bill imposing a duty of three shillings sterling per quarter, on wheat from the United States, passed the Canada House of Assembly on the 4th instant, by a vote of 31 to 19. The bill goes into opration on the 5th of July next. We presume there is no doubt of its passage in the Legislative Council.—*Com. Adv.*

Wonderful Clock.—We learn that an ingenious gentleman from Wisconsin has just arrived at Washington, and has deposited in the pattent office the model of an eight day clock, which is to run four months, and give two gallons of milk daily. In addition to these advantages, there is an extra wheel, which turns out an excellent white oak cheese every Sunday morning.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

Taking a Portrait.—A young man named Geo. W. Craft, a portrait painter, lately eloped from Bennington, Vt., with a young heiress, worth $80,000.—the father offers a reward of $800 for catching him.—He thought, probably, that this best mode of getting the original.

The measure libraries by the mile in the old world. A London paper states the length of the shelves in the new portion of the British Museum is eight miles, those in the Library at Munich 15 miles, and those of the King's Library in Pais 20 miles. The first contains 260,000 volumes, the second 500,000, and the third 650,000.

A late New Orleans paper states that the chief engineer of the Mexican iron steamer Gaudaloupe was imprisoned nineteen days in the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, for refusing to serve against the Texians.—Twelve of the Seamen were also in irons on board the Gaudaloupe, for the same refusal to perform duty.

Mr. M——. the lawyer, witnessing the representation of Macbeth, on the Witch's replying to the Thane's inquiry, that they do 'a deed without a name,' suddenly started up and exclaimed, " A deed without a name! Why its void; it's not worth sixpence."

It is said that the body of Capt. W. W. Peters, of Troy, whose sudden disappearance we noticed a day or two since, has been found in the Mohawk at Cohoes. It is supposed that he was murdered, as he is known to have had considerable money with him.

Mr. Bliss, who was shot at Louisville by Godfrey Pope, was not dead at the last accounts. Mr. Pope has been admitted to bail in the sum of ten thousand dollars.

Col. Johnson arrived at Philadelphia on Monday, and had his pocket book, containing $100, stolen at the depot.

A Definition of Married Man.—'Ven you're a married man, Samivel, you'll understand a good many things as you don't now; but vether it's vorth while goin' through so much to learn so little—as the charity-boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet—is a matter of taste, I think it ins't.

MARRIED.

On the 11th inst. at Stockport, by the Rev. A. Scovel, A. B. Shankland, merchant of this city, to Miss Sarah E Scovel, principal of the Pennington Female Seminary, New Jersey.

DIED.

In this city on the 11th inst. John Sherwood, only child of Stephen and Susan Rogers, aged 1 year 2 months.

At Saratoga, on the 10th instant, at the residence of her son-in-law, Jedediah Beckwith, Mrs. Margaret Riggs, relict of Joseph Riggs, D. D., aged 101 years in March last.

In Homer Courtland county, on 11th inst. Miss Mary White formerly of this city, aged 30 years.

At the Red Sulphur Springs, Monroe county, Va., on the 28th of September, Elizabeth A., wife of Hiram McCollum, of New York, and daughter of Benedict Brooks, of Wyoming co. in the 30th year of her age.

TO OUR MASONIC BRETHREN.

To any Brother or Companion who will aid us in the circulation of the present volume of the Register, we offer the following liberal inducements for his trouble. For FIFTEEN subscribers obtained, and the money forwarded, we will give an elegant R. A. or Master's Apron, engraved on copper, and printed on the best of satin, properly trimmed, together with a large and handsomely engraved R. Arch and Master's Diploma, suitable for framing, and the Register free for one year. For TEN subscribers, the Apron and Register one year. For FIVE subscribers, the two Diplomas, or the Register, as may be desired. For 3 subscribers, an Arch or Master's Diploma.—The articles will be packed up safely, and can be forwarded at but little cost, by Harnden's Express, to any house in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or Washington, south. West, any prominent place between this and Buffalo—from thence, to all intermediate ports to Chicago. North, from Kingston to Toronto, U. C.

Back Nos. of the volume will always be supplied.

Post Masters are authorised to forward subscriptions free of stage.t. Albany, Sep

EMPLOYMENT WANTED.—A widow, with three small children, in destitute circumstances, is desirous to obtain employment. She is a dress and corset maker and can do any kind of plain sewing. Her residence is the first door north of the Green st. Baptist Church. Any favors bestowed upon her will be gratefully received.

LATHE WANTED.—Any person having a common second hand turning lathe to sell, low, may hear of a customer by leaving his address at this Office. October 10th 1842

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents, fo the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to eceive subscriptions and monies on its account,

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Lewis S Deleplain Wheeling Va
Rev Peyton F Smith, Monticello
M M Laugh in Steubenville, Ohio
Joseph Cable, Carrollton Ohio
E B Shaw Hudson.
E C M'Cormick Greenup Co Ky.
Geo A Wilson Holly Springs Miss.
J H Stirman Fayetteville Ark
W H Roberts Milton Ala
Dr Aller Spreyre little Rock Ark
Thos Z Vandenberger Tallahassee
Wm Wade Moravia N Y

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, City and County of Albany, September 6th, 1842.—ELECTION NOTICE.—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretar of State, which the following are copies.

AMOS ADAMS, Sheriff.

State of New York, Secretary's Office, Albany, August 31st, 1841.

To the Sheriff of the county of Albany:

Sir—Notice is hereby given that at the next general election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Governor and Lieutenant Governor of this State;

A Senator for the Third Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of Alonzo C. Paige, on the last day of December next;

Also, the following county officers, to wit: Three Members of Assembly.

Yours, respectfully,

S. YOUNG, Sec'ry of State.

State of New York, Secretary's Office, Albany, September 7, 1842.

To the Sheriff of the county of Albany:

Sir—Notice is hereby given that at the next general election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, a Representative in the 28th Congress of the United States is to be elected for the Thirteenth Congressional District, consisting of the city and county of Albany.

Yours, respectfully,

S. YOUNG, Sec'ry of State

INFALLIBLE POISONS—No Cure no Pay—

1. Fly-killing Paper, it kills flies instantly, and sells 3 cts. and 50 cents.
2. Fly Poison, which fluid destroys flies and cockroaches.
3. Bedbug poison, which needs but a single application for a permanent clearance.
4. Ant Poison, drives the black, white and red ants from houses and gardens.
5. The Traveller's Comfort, keeps from your body when in bed or when sporting and fishing, all goats, musquitoes, &c.
6. Moth Poison, for guarding furs, woolens, carpets & flannels.
7. Flea Poison, on men and dogs, cats, cattle & chickens.
8. Poison for flies on horses, and to prevent their attack for the whole season.
9. The Compound Chemical Whale Oil Soap for the safe destruction of caterpillars, rosebugs, hessian fly, slugs, and other insects, in trees and vegetables.

All the above poisons are warranted, and earnestly recommended, by DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, No. 1 Wall street, N. Y.

Manufacturer of Copaivi Capsules, of the best quality, and with Spanish and French directions; Lunar Caustic, Chloride of Soda, Spirits of Nitre, Ammonia, Ether, Daguerreotype-Clahemica, Diamndo Cement, deals in Leeches, Platina, Dentists' Gold and Mineral Teeth, genuine Harlem Oil, Glass Syringes, &c.

BOOK BINDING.—HARVEY H. CORNING, (late firm of Corning & Cook) would take this opportunity to return his sincere thanks to the friends of the late firm and the public generally for their patronage, and would solicit a continuance of the same.

Book-Binding in all its various branches, neatly and expeditiously executed; Law and Music Books, Periodicals and Miscellaneous works bound in all the variety of styles, and on the most reasonable terms.

N. B. Library Books neatly bound. 1eply

MASONIC APRONS, of the Degree of Arch or Master, elegantly engraved and printed on Satin, as well as Diplomas, can be had on application to the editor of this paper. Masons from a distance, requiring any of the above articles, can have them carefully packed up, to the care of any mercantile house in New York.

POETRY.

From the Boston American.

BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A few days since, under our obituary head, was recorded the death of about two and a half years of age —the daughter of N. A. Thompson, Esq. of this city. Connected with her death is one of those beautiful and touching incidents which occur, as if to remind us of the close connection and sisterly communion which exist between the innocent child and the spirits of the better land, and which should reconcile parents to the early loss of the little ones which are lent them but for a season, or rather, as we should say, to the return of a wandering child of Heaven to her celestial abode.

"A few days before the child's illness, a butterfly, very large and of singular beauty, was found hovering in the room where she was at play, quite fascinating her with its graceful motions and brilliant colors, and after being several times thrust out flying back at last and resting on the infant's forehead. For a moment the beautiful insect remained there expanding its brilliant wings to the great delight of the child, then suddenly as if it had accomplished its purpose, took its departure and was soon out of sight. The child sickened—and, again, but a few hours before her death, the butterfly was seen fluttering and seeking an entrance at the window of her chamber. It matters not, to our faith, whether, as the innocent superstition of another land would tell us, there was a message thus borne from the holy world, that this young life was needed there, and must be taken away. But at least, while we remember that this frail insect is not only the emblem of fleeting existence, but of a resurrection from a narrow and humble life to a higher and a brighter, we may find in the incident an illustration that shall teach us too powerfully—that the spirit, of which we witness the first unfolding here, has a freer and nobler expansion in a home where our love, though not our care, can follow it."

It is to this touching little incident, so beautifully told by our contemporary, that we presume, the subjoined lines have reference, which we found yesterday in the editorial desk of one of our associates, during his absence from town.

THE BUTTERFLY TO THE DYING CHILD.

Sweet child! but yesterday—
When the glad breeze sweept o'er the summer lawn—
How blithely thou didst chase me, far away,
Fleet as the bounding fawn.
E'en now I hear thy joyous laugh ring out—
I see thy smile, as thou dost trip about.

"I'll have thee"—thou didst sing,
As my gay pinions lured thee from the door—
"Light now upon my hand, bright, tiny thing!
And roam the fields no more,"
With mirth worn out; thou slept beneath the tree,
And I watched thee, dreaming of heaven and me.

Sweet was thy slumber, child!
Upon that mossy couch—oh! sweet thy dream,
I lit upon thy sunny brow; as honey wild
Thy breath was sweet, or thyme.
"Father who art in heaven"—thy lips did part,
As thine infant prayer came gushing from thy heart.

But the cold damp earth
Shaded thy spirit—chilled thy little hand,
They bore thee to thy home— no more thy mirth
Jewel of the little band!
Flashed from thy lip, thine eye. Thy mother's breast
Thy dying pillow is—thy home of rest!

There, sweet child! reposing—
I guard thee now. I come, ere thou dost die,
To mark the beauty of thine eye, just closing—
And catch that last sweet sigh.
I loved thy mirth, but, dying, more, oh, more,
That cherub smile thy lips that lingers o'er.

From shrub to flow'ret driven—
Like thee, I've roamed the fields, nor dream'd of earth
My brilliant wings have fann'd the air of heaven;
I watched thy gentle birth
In the bright realms of bliss—to lead thee right
I took the form most lovely to thy sight.

But thou art summoned home!
And I, thine angel, wait to bear thee back.
Thy gentle spirit I receive. Sweet child, come!
See! on our homeward track
Angels' smiles are beaming. See! near the Throne
The sainted spirits welcome thee, loved one!

Hark! thy last breath and sighs
Upon thy mother's bosom! Thou dost but sleep,
And shalt awake again in Paradise.
Then who, oh who, would weep?
Rise! rise! my wings shall bear thy spirit on—
To earth a child is lost—to heaven a cherub won!

The moss rose, near thy bed,
Is mine—emblem of one so pure and fair—
Its leaves now whither—its stalk is dying—*dead!*
And scarce it scents the air.
The vital spark, sweet child, is linked with it,
As dies the rose—thy soul doth homeward flit.

Come home, oh spirit dear!
I've watched thy budding bloom—I've caught thy sigh,
Thy jocund laugh upon my wings, to bear
As an offering on high
And now, my mission done, I soar away,
To bathe my pinions in celestial day. B.

TIME.

Yet, ruins upon ruins! Thou hast come,
Time, from the depth of ages, and the fall
Of Nations, and the pulseless city's gloom,
Column and arch and moss-envelop'd wall
Hang on thy footsteps. As the banquet hall
When revelry hath ceased, and the pale sky
Gazes within, the reveler treads, and pall
And images of death glare on his eye—
Thus o'er the Earth, O Time, thy feet move silently!

And slow and silent, like the change of leaves
By the chill breath of autumn the high stone
Falleth low, and the voiceless dust receives
Its voiceless offspring! With a hollow moan,
Like night-winds through the forest, weak and lone
The proud man dieth; and the flashing eyes
Of scornful beauty weeping, are upthrown
And fade all lustreless! Aye, weak and wise
Fall like the helpless weed, which 'neath man's foot-step lies!

Earth spreads a banquet, and why not partake
Though change is sporting round us? The weak flower
Smiles for a season; vale and mountain make
With the deep forest, gladness for an hour
With leaves and verdure: and the crumbling tower
Sports with the clinging ivy! Then why steal
From mirth and gladness, though the silent power
Claim us invisibly? Even though you reel
Like the World's monarch from his feast, smile on nor feel!

Earth has its poisons, and what though we feed
A little hour on them? The great and good,
The weak and evil have their lot, and need
Doth fashion them, e'en as the steel's subdued
By fire and hammer. The inhuman brood
Of hate and slander have their fangs, and must
Like serpents use them. From their clamors rude
The strong soul turns sustained by inward trust,
And shakes them from his neck into their native dust!

But earth is not all evil! The lone night
Hath stars and beauty, and a voice that makes
The old heart young! In rapturous delight
The hours fly on to him who ne'er forsakes
That inward law, which if a joy it takes
Yields us another, with a brighter glow.
He who his thirst from lawless fountains slakes
Drinks wormwood! and his fleeting pleasures grow
Into a burden huge of never-ending wo!

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Wednesday
Temple R. A. Chapter,	A bany	3d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Washington Lodge,	Albany	2nd and 4th Thursday
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday
Phœnix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Geo.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport Nia.	2nd Thursday
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday ev o month
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	last Thursday
Oneida Chapter, 57.	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky	1st & 3d Monday
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Washington Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	4th Monday
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah, Geo	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Solomon Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday
Oglethorpe Lodge	do	1st and 3d Monday
Shelbyville Chapter,	Shelbyville, Ky	1st Monday
Solomon's Lodge,	do	2d Monday.
Lafayette Chapter No 14	Laymnge	3d Monday
Lagrange Lodge No 81	do	2nd Monday
Hudson Lodge	Hudson	1st Monday
Hudson Chapter	do	2nd Tuesday
Hudson Encampment	do	1st Friday

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